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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

TRY IT JUST ONCE!

There are hosts of people in this city, and there will be many more from abroad, who will welcome the abolition during the coming Regatta, of the usual nuisances that go with public festivals, the confetti, the return-ball, the cracker-stick, and all other ready made noises and atrocities that have nothing to recommend them; and to this end, the Astorian reiterates its plea that the Regatta committee and the city authorities put their masterly feet on all of them just for once; and see if the series of germ-carrying, aggravating, useless devices cannot be stamped out, so far as Astoria is concerned.

They are severally the means of making overtures at once insolent and unavoidable; and they are never used without the extravagance that leads to bad feeling, if not worse. The people have no protest to enter against any legitimate and acceptable phase of enjoyment, especially at such a season as the one approaching; but they have seen so much of downright, deliberate insolence passed in the use of the things named above, that they are justified in affirming their adverse sentiment.

The ill-bred, the reckless, the impudent, we have with us always; and in the hands of any of this group the most innocent toy becomes a menace and a source of annoyance. People with due regard for the feelings and comfort of others are not given to the disuse of these things, but they are the ones who suffer most.

REID ROAD PROGRAM.

The business-like program inaugurated by the Chamber of Commerce will commend itself to every lover of fair-dealing, and is likely to be entirely successful, to the genuine success of the projector of the line and to all concerned, including the general public of Astoria. We cannot have too many roads in, nor out, of this city, and we are amenable to every reasonable scheme for the securing of the last possible one of them; but we want them all on an equitable footing; upon condition that shall make for freedom from the conviction that we have been done, or rather undone, in the getting of them.

The plan to buy direct from the protesting owners of right-of-way lands at an advanced figure, our best people putting up the money therefore, and ending it in escrow until Mr. Reid and his colleagues shall have accomplished enough to ensure the consummation of the road and its operation, with ample time given them to work out their end of the proposition, could scarcely be improved upon, and is a square bid for the good faith of all involved.

It requires a goodly manifestation of public spirit on the one hand, and a downright showing of honest energy on the other; qualities that are inseparable from railroad building, where-so-ever it may be attempted. We shall be glad to hear that the program has been accepted and that the work is being done in both camps.

OUR GLAD-HAND IS OUT.

Astoria will have her Regatta-hand out to welcome Mrs. Elizabeth Weatherford and her bevy of Honolulu belles when they shall arrive here; and that's the gladdest hand she has at this particular season. We are hoping they will come in time to be the especial guests of the Thirteenth Annual, but if they are a bit later, there will be no subsidence of cordiality, and the young ladies will take home with them a patent consciousness of the real good-will of the next and nearest American port to their own beautiful sea-home, when Astoria shall have bade them farewell. But it is most earnestly hoped they will get here in time to feature the festival and cap the climax of interest in the best event of years. They will be the special charge of Queen Harriet, who will represent the whole city and section in the pleasant task of entertaining them.

The South Is the Best
Place For the Negro.

By HENRY WATTERSON, Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE people of the United States—and when I say the people of the United States I mean ALL the people, black and white, northern and southern—have no greater issue to meet, no larger problem to solve, than that which goes by the name of the race question. The institution of African slavery is gone—let us all thank God for that!—but the African we have still with us. He is with us in ever increasing numbers. HE IS HERE TO STAY.

THE INTEREST OF ONE RACE IS THE INTEREST OF THE OTHER RACE, AND NEITHER CAN PROSPER IF EITHER SUFFERS.

I must tell you, after forty years of experience and observation and reflection, that I think we began wrong. WE PUT THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE. Four millions of poor black people, with some centuries of abject slavery and many ages of barbaric night behind them, were not equal to using the freedom that came to them so suddenly, and especially the ballot, with prudence or intelligence. How could they? I don't blame them in the least. On the contrary, I sometimes wonder at their self-restraint. As, during the sectional war, they were faithful servants, remaining at home and tilling the fields and taking care of the women and children, so, since the war, according to their lights, THEY HAVE TRIED TO BE GOOD CITIZENS. I glory in every step of progress they have made—and they have made many strides—from that day to this. My heart goes out to the black man wherever I see him honestly struggling to raise his children to a condition better than his own.

We may not escape our manifest destiny. Neither of us can get rid of the other. Schemes to that end, however ingenious, are wholly visionary.

THE WORLD HAS NEVER WITNESSED ANY SUCH PROGRESS FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT AS THAT WHICH WE SEE IN THOSE DISTRICTS OF THE SOUTH WHERE THE NEGRO HAS HAD A DECENT OPPORTUNITY FOR SELF DEVELOPMENT.

Let the negro go to any New England community and try to get employment. Barred on every hand. PLENTY OF SENTIMENT, BUT NO WORK. There are regions north and west which never knew slavery and were a unit for the union where the negro is refused admittance. Turn southward. Plenty of work and wages for all who bring tranquil minds and willing hands. Nowhere on the habitable globe has the liberated slave fared so well, nowhere has he so fair an outlook, as in the southern states of North America.

Why? Because we know one another and because, no matter what anybody says to the contrary, there is a COMMON BOND OF ASSOCIATION between us.

In less than half a century the negro has done wonders. Before the century we have just begun is half over he will have done greater still.

HE IS A BAD WHITE MAN WHO WILL NOT HELP HIS NEIGHBOR BLACK MAN WHEN THAT NEIGHBOR BLACK MAN SHOWS THE SPIRIT TO HELP HIMSELF. HE IS A BAD BLACK MAN WHO CHERISHES HATRED IN HIS HEART AGAINST THE WHITE MAN BECAUSE HE IS A WHITE MAN. HE IS A FOOLISH BLACK MAN WHO THINKS BECAUSE THE MIRAGE OF SOCIAL EQUALITY, WHICH WOULD PROVE A CURSE RATHER THAN A BLESSING, IS DENIED HIM THAT THE WHITE MAN HATES HIM.

A SAD SOUVENIR.

Without being able to vouch for the truth of the sad little story that comes up from San Francisco, anent the finding of the name-board of the good old steamship Columbia by the wife of a veteran member of her earliest crew, on the sands outside the bar of the Bay City, we admit the probability of the incident, the beauty of the story, and hope that it is so. It would be too bad to shatter such a tale by intimating that it is a fake for which some clever reporter down there is responsible; and so, admitting the entire truth of the yarn we are glad to know the flotsam reached the hands of people who would deeply appreciate the gift from the sea and know how to treasure it.

The tale might have been infinitely more interesting if, upon surface of this board that hailed from the pilot-house of the doomed ship, could have been deciphered some last message from poor Doran, the brave master who went down with her and from whom no word of any sort has ever been received. But we cannot have everything as we would like it; and the silence that all deplore must be maintained for all time; the simple fact of Doran's deliberate and manly death at the supreme crisis of his life and career, being all that is sure, and quite enough, to kindle the ever-kindly thought of the genial gentleman and clever seaman. He and his vessel lie in their 60-fathom grave, but both will live in the friendly memory of Pacific Coast people as long as marine records are kept alive.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

A Pennsylvania milkman was arrested the other day, charged with watering his milk. He got off because his son, when pumped, claimed that he had done it by mistake and without malice. All's well that ends well!

It is rather suggestive, when one comes to think of it, that no one cares to hang how hot the fight may wax between Bryan and Hearst.

Ten thousand men are said to be wanted immediately to get in the Nebraska crops. Strikers might do well

to clip this item.

The plowshare and pruning-hook supply is not evidently to be abnormally increased by Hague propositions for disarmament.

Somebody has discovered the cause of Colonel Pope's automobile failure; he ran a factory instead of a repair shop.

It is now asserted that whistling will prevent a rattlesnake attacking the whistler. That's too bad!

Popular sympathy generally goes to the underdog,—unless he has "nothing to arbitrate."

Foraker criticises Taft's Columbus speech. Funny how the expected often happens.

So Voliva is to establish his new "Zion City" in New Mexico. Why not further away?

The Oyster Bay silence can almost be heard round the world.

Must The Professor's Wives Get Out And Work?

A woman who is connected with a prominent college in the middle west has written a remarkable letter in the September American Magazine about the rise to the cost of living. In the college with which she is connected (is it Oberlin?) the professors now receive \$1,800 a year, which, after ten years' service is increased to \$2,000 a year. According to the author of the letter the income of the professors has remained nearly stationary for twenty years, while the cost of living has immensely increased. Hard coal which used to seem high enough at \$6 or \$5.25 a ton now ranges from \$8 to \$7 a ton. Soft coal and wood have followed in its upward flight. Such staples of family consumption as meat, milk, butter, eggs, fruit and vegetables have all taken on prices which makes one sigh for the old days of cheap and lavish living.

Going on the writer says: "People used generally to have dinner at noon. Then they invited guests to a six o'clock tea instead of to dinner. Two or three courses were ample for the meal. Within the last few years we have all discovered that human beings were never in-



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tended to dine at noon. Like the rest of the world, we dine at night, and now when we entertain our friends, we invite them to a six o'clock dinner of six or more courses.

"Less than ten years ago there were so few social events among us that no one thought it necessary to have an evening gown. The plain gown worn to church and for calling answered for all social occasions. Then a man did not feel obliged to have a suit of evening clothes. Now there is not a woman that does not make an attempt at an evening gown, nor a man that does not appear in regulation evening garb at the proper times."

All these concessions make a larger demand upon the purse. Under such conditions it is evident that something is bound to happen. The something in this case is the transition of the wives

of some of the professors into the money earning class. "Thus among the college families in a number of instances married women are teaching in the conservatory of music, the academy, the public schools, or privately," says the writer "Two or three are engaged in newspaper or literary work. A few are taking boarders. Several are quietly earning a little money in different ways. Altogether there are few cases in which a family living on the salary of a college

professor, and of course many of the men add to their salaries by extra work, the income from books, and in other ways."

Altogether the letter is very interesting and illuminating.

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